Tho: Standishe

THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST.

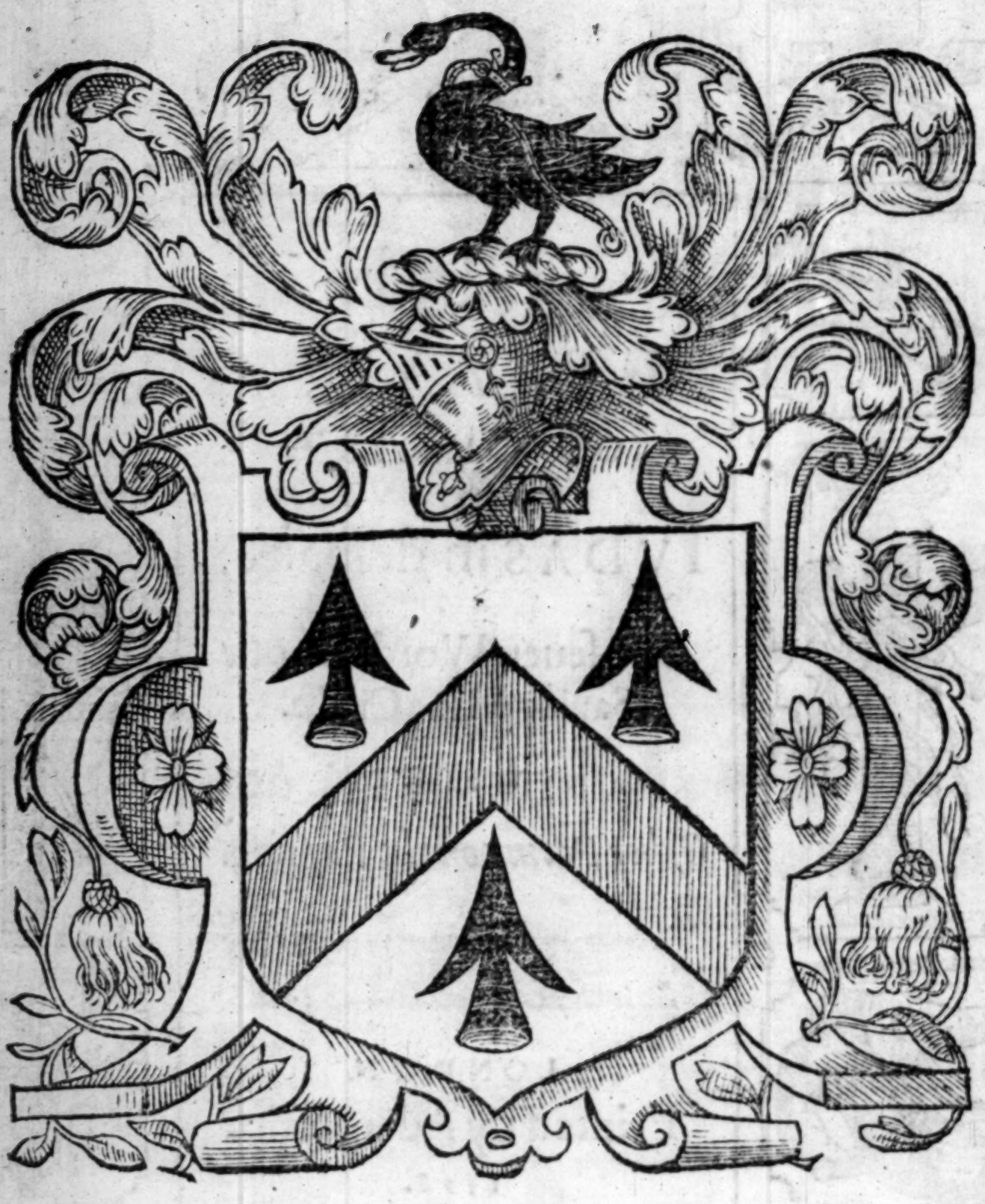
IVDAS in desperaire.

The seuen Words of our Sauior on the Crosse.

WITH

Other Poems on the Passion.

LONDON.
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1598.



TO THE RIGHT WOR-

ſhipfull, Sir *Nicholas Walſh* Knight, cheefe Iuſtice of her Maieſties court of common pleas in *Ireland, and of her Highneſſe counſaile there.*

ALbeit (right Worſhipfull) that the art of Poeſie is in ſort dealt withall, as *Cacus* once vſed *Hercules* oxen, when he drew them backewards vp the hill: being cuſtomarily in theſe daies wreſted and turned to the fooleries of Loue, and ſuch like baſe ſubiect of fancies abortiue births, conuerting Poetries imploiment to follies vſe, and wit ill ſpent runnes violent that way, with the current of errour. Yet hath it a natiue diuine off-ſpring and iſſue, wherof partaking kindly, floates with a calme tempered gale from all

 miſ-

miſcarying wracke, to the harbour of a quiet applauſe. The vpright and beſt approoued cenſure I preſume gains your Worſhips vertuous allowance, to whoſe wiſdome and grauitie aſſociate with an heroicall ſprite, I dedicate affections teſtimony by theſe vnpoliſhed lines, crauing your fauourable fault-ſhadowing view, if in the manner any thing appeare defectiue, truſting that as a fruitfull tree the more it is fruitladen, the more it declineth, ſo your plenteous accõpliſhed vertues wil humble them in daining to accept the loue I reuerence you withall: wiſhing your Worſhip Worlds proſperitie, and Heauens happineſſe.

Yours in the beſt endeuours of affection.

S. R.

The betraying of Jesus.

EVen vvhen no beauties of the garnisht skie
Had left the view of Heauen-makers vvonder,
And Phebus steeds were gallop'd posting by
Their hasty speed had got the vvorlds half vn-
Yea eury creature that had life or sprite, (der,
Mourn'd at the darke approch of vglynight:

An host of swarteſt sable foggie clouds,
Wrapt in faire *Cinthia* from her siluer shine,
Mantling her brightnesse vvith their obscure shrouds
As though heav'ns lampe vvere come to lateſt fine,
Her cannapie of starres vvas eke vnseene,
Whereon she vvonted mount, imperious Queene.

The airy vvinged people gone to reſt,
Had clear'd vvith day, not left a note vnpaid,
All other creatures that might be expreſt,
In caues and holes for nights repose vvere laid,
Of vvild, or tame, none raung'd or ran astray,
But rauenous, by darke that hunt for pray.

Thicke

Thicke miſtie vapours vvere diſperſed foule,
Prohibiting day-followers to be ſeene,
Diſpenſing only vvith the ſhriking Owle,
And eies that Nature put lights hate betweene,
Such as vvere baniſht from the face of day,
To lurke the couert ſhameleſſe night away.

Then child of vtter darkneſſe, lights offence,
Intituled : *The loſt ſonne of perdition*,
Hired againſt his Lord for thirty pence
To be a traitor vnder hels commiſsion,
In this nights time, did rebell troupes increaſe
To manage armes againſt the Prince of peace.

Toward Cedron brooke th'accurſed leader goes,
With horſe and foot, vveapon'd vvith launce and ſpeare,
His bleſſed maiſter vs'd that vvalke he knowes,
Vnworthy vvretch had oft ben vvith him there,
Oft as a friend the place he did frequent,
But now foe-harted, trecherous of intent.

As in a garden *Adam* diſobayed,
And there became a captiue to the diuell,
So in a garden Ieſus vvas betrayed,
To ſuffer death for *Adams* former euill :
Within a garden *Adams* crime offended,
For vvhich Chriſt vvas in garden apprehended.

And

And as in pleaſures garden at the fall,
For *Adams* clothing, dead beaſts skins God gaue,
In euidence that death vvent ouer all,
And that his garment might preſage his graue:
So Chriſt in garden tombe and dead mans ſhrowd,
Defray'd our debts, vvith paiment beſt alowd.

Ouer the brooke, to garden they repaire,
(Swift vvere their feet about the ſheading blood)
Euen to the place that Ieſus vs'd for praier,
Where he intreated grace for ſinners good,
Where he conſulted to redeeme and ſaue:
Thither they came, reſolu'd his life to haue.

With eaſie ſearch the guiltleſſe may be found,
Whoſe quiet thoughts and peace vnite in one,
A voice, *Whom ſeeke you?* threw them all to ground,
A power diuine, to make true godhead knowne.
Ieſus came forth, encountred them vvith breath,
And they at once fell backward all to th'earth.

Had then his vvill conſented to his power,
If Iuſtice had appear'd, and mercy hid,
They had deſcended hell that ſinfull hower,
Like *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* did,
Where th'one vvas ſcandale to the ſeruant done,
The other vvas rebellion gainſt the ſonne.

While *Ieroboam* ſtretcht his threatning hand
(Right inſolent and full of daring pride)
To ſtay the Prophet, giuing ſtrict command,
Iudgement laid hold on him, his hand vvas dryde:
But theſe in armes, and violent enterpriſe,
Though throwne to ground, doe vnrepentant riſe.

Deaths harbenger vnto Damaſco towne,
Then bloody-mind Saint-perſecuting *Saul*
Was with like powreful voice from heauen thrown down,
But to conuerſion grace imploy'd his fall:
With greater fauour, bliſſe can none acquaint,
Then crowne a greeuous ſinner, glorious Saint.

But theſe vvhoſe hearts vvere hardned, ſight extinct,
Haters of knowledge, children of the night,
At vvar vvith God, in league vvith Sathan linckt
Groſſe darkneſſe followers, ſhunners of the light,
Stiffe necked, ſtubborne, and rebellious Iewes,
Contemne ſaluation; offered grace refuſe.

Wiſdomes beloued, Iſraels vviſeſt king,
Doth ſay the vvicked cannot ſleeping reſt,
Till they are pleaſed vvith ſome ill done thing;
The vvorſer deed, the doer likes for beſt:
A minute ſpent in good, ſeems long loth'd day,
A night of ſinne, but moment ſtolne avvay.

How toileſome tedious had that vvatching bin,
If vertue had perſuaded thereunto,
But Owle-eied they became to compaſſe ſin,
Fit vvas the time ſo foule a fact to do:
That vvork of darkneſſe, ioin'd vvith darkneſſe power
Might meet together all in darkneſſe hower.

When they ſhonld reſt, their malice not indur'd it,
For malice neuer cloſeth ſleeping eies,
And vvhen they ſhould not vvake, reuenge procur'd it,
Reuenge, doth hourely, ſome reuenge deuiſe,
Who rides the deuill hath no curbe they ſay,
For malice drawes, and fury ſpurs away.

Th'vnſeemely vprore, to the night vnkind,
Happening as frightfull as in fires danger,
Caus'd him make haſt that left his clothes behind,
Hardly entreated, like vnwelcome ſtranger,
For in retire, his caſe like *Ioſephs* ſtands,
Who left his garment in his miſtreſſe hands.

T'was no offence ſpringing from his intent,
That did demerite violent force reſiſt him,
Yet pawn'd he ſhirt for skin before he vvent,
Gladdeſt vvhen naked gone that rage had miſt him,
What furies guided this miſguided ſwarme?
To bend their force againſt vnthoughted harme.

When traitor meets, theſe quaint deceits he had,
In geſture, kind imbracements vvith a kiſſe;
In vvords, *All haile*, God ſaue thee, or be glad;
Yet murder, blood, and death, lies hid in this,
This cup of gold did poiſons draught begin,
This greene had ſerpents lurking hid vvithin.

The vvord *All haile*, ſeru'd *Ioab* to ſalute,
(Good vvords do often make for ill pretence,)
But *Abner* found a mortall ſtab the fruit,
While falſhood ſpake, twas murder did inſence:
Like that, vvas this of *Iudas* falſe intent,
By vvord, *God ſaue*, the deed Deſtroy vvas ment.

All haile, the Angell reuerently did vſe,
With heau'nly tongue, to holy virgins eare,
All haile, in *Pilats* hall they did abuſe,
That ſcorning Chriſt, preſented *Aue* there,
Higheſt in fauour of all vvomen gain'd it,
And chiefeſt ſinner of all men, profan'd it.

Firſt vvord it vvas, Gods gracious loue tv'nfold
Beginning at our ſauiours incarnation,
Firſt vvord vvherewith falſe *Iudas* bought and ſold,
Whoſe trafficke turn'd Chriſts death, his own damnation.
What profite his that all the vvorld ſhould vvinne?
With ſoule in deaths eternall debt by ſinne.

Why com'ſt thou friend? vvhat mean'ſt thou, Ieſus ſaid,
At th'inſtant houre my praiers and teares commend thee,
To giue a kiſſe vvhereby I am betraide,
And vvith, All haile, brings troupes to apprehend mee?
I tearme thee friend, vngratefull as thou art,
That ſhow'ſt nor friend nor yet diſciples part.

To call thee friend, it doth thus much betoken,
No cauſe in me hath canſeld loues deſire,
But thy reuolting hath our friendſhip broken,
Vnaltred I remaine the ſame entire:
If thou vvith *Dauid, I haue ſinned*, couldſt ſay,
His anſwere thine, *Thy ſinne is done away.*

Returne thee vvith repentant hearts imbrace,
And merey ſhall vvith iuſtice dome ſuſpend,
I left not thee, vvhy doeſt thou run from grace,
Though thou haſt ſold me, ſtill I call thee friend,
But if thou vvilt not be reclaimed backe,
Be thou thy ſelfe thine owne ſoules vvilfull vvracke.

When murder had ſaluted, treaſon kiſt,
And bribery imbrac'd vvith ſigne of gladneſſe,
In vvhich the traitors ſeruice did conſiſt,
Then preſs'd the Iewes on Chriſt vvith furious madneſſe,
Like hunger-paunched vvolues prone to deuour
The lambe ſubiected to their rauening power.

Right manly valiant *Peter* did him beare,
When no diſciple durſt attempt the like,
Tvnſheath his ſword, and cut off *Malcus* eare,
Againſt an armed multitude to ſtrike,
Danger and feare are cowards turnd aſide
When manhood is by reſolution tride.

But Ieſus did no humane forces need,
That legions had of Angels at command,
And *Peter* had no charge to fight, but feed
The flocke of ſheepe committed to his hand,
It vvas Gods vvill to ſuffer, not reſiſt,
His power gaue power, and ſinne did vvhat it liſt.

He vvas content, their violent force ſhould bind him
And lead him thence vnto the torturing place,
To teare his fleſh vvith vvhips to mocke and blind him,
To buffet and to ſpit vpon his face.
T'accuſe him falſe by ſlanders lying breath,
To dome him ſentence ſhames moſt odious death.

Iudas in deſpaire.

TErrors torment my tortur'd ſoule perplexed,
Fell furies fright, and hale me on away,
To *Cayphas* and the reſt vvith horrour vexed
Goes *Simons* ſonne, Gods ſon did falſe bettay,
Such is my ſinne againſt that guiltleſſe blood,
No baulme in Iſrael left to doe me good.

They anſwer'd, careleſſe of my vvretched ſtate,
What's that to vs? Looke thou thy ſelfe vnto it,
Then vengeance I expect, grace comes too late,
Reſolue no leſſe, for that you brib'd me do it,
Sathan ſeduc'd, I acted the offence,
Deſpaire is come, there lies your thirty pence.

I am perditions child, outcaſt forlorne,
All haile in vvord, but in the heart all hatefull,
It had ben good, ſo bad had nere ben borne,
That of all creatures am the moſt ingratefull:
Oh had I neuer liu'd, ſuruiuing ſhame
Had vnreported hid my odious name.

Baſe

Baſe couetouſneſſe no more *Gehezies* ſinne,
My intreſt in that crime doth thine controule,
Thou vvaſt but leaper of polluted skinne,
My leproſie is a defiled ſoule:
Thou took'it a bribe againſt thy maiſters vvill,
But I vvas brib'd to kiſſe, and kiſt to kill.

Maries good vvorke Chriſt promis'd to commend
Perpetually in euer-liuing praiſe,
But my vile act beyond all ſtinted end,
Shall euidence I trod the left hand vvaies,
My title thus the Scriptures ſhall record:
Judas Iſcarioth, that betrayd the Lord.

Three euils in one I did commit, in this
That gainſt the King of glory I haue done:
Deceit betray'd vvith ſhew of kind-ment kiſſe,
Couetouſneſſe incenſt, that ſinne begun,
Impudent boldneſſe did intrude the deed,
Ere any mou'd or vviſht me to proceed.

I knew the choiſe, and gainefull happie vvay,
That heauens gate, vvas ſtraighteſt dore to enter,
I taught the vvorld, take heed broad paths doe ſtray,
And yet my ſelfe the vvide-gate vvilfull venter,
Like *Noahs* vvorkemen, ſuch my ſtate is found
They built an arke for him, themſelues vvere drownd.

I haue excluded faiths reſolued truſt
In him by vvhom the true repentant liue,
Cain-like affirming nought but vengeance muſt
Reward my ſinnes, mercy no ſuch forgiue:
My heart's indurate, hardned, vnrelenting,
Paſt is the deed, the doer paſt repenting.

Though *Dauid* found remorſe to vvaile his ſinne,
And *Nathans* comfort, eas'd his mournfull taske,
Diſtruſt and horrour haue ſo hemd me in,
That might I haue, I hopeleſſe vvill not aske:
Feare, ſhame, and guilt do haunt me at the heeles,
Of iudgement, men, and vvhat my conſcience feeles.

My dying ſoule, refuſing liuing meane,
Denies vvith heav'nly Manna to be fed
A ſea of teares can neuer rince it cleane,
Yet could one drop, that drop ſhould ne're be ſhed.
What teares, vvhat praiers can his atonement make,
Whoſe portion is in vengeance fearefull lake?

Mine inward conſcience doth ſoules ruine tell,
Authenticke witneſſe, and ſeuere accuſer,
Where I abide, I feeling find a hell
Tormenting me, that am ſelfe torment chuſer:
Sound conſcience well is ſaid like vvall of braſſe;
Corrupted, fit compar'd to broken glaſſe.

More blind then thoſe vvhoſe ſight ſight-giuer gaue,
More deaffe and dumbe then any that he cured,
More dead then *Lazarus* in his ſtincking graue,
When he deaths vaut till fift daies baile indured.
Not eies, eares, limmes, tongue, body, haue defect,
It is my ſoule, that ſaluing heauens reiect.

If firſt borne man, the firſt of deſp'rate mind,
By vvhom the firſt of guiltleſſe blood vvas ſhed,
Did ſay, There vvas no grace for him to find,
But vengeance muſt be heaped on his head:
Let me (ſinnes monſter, maſſe of curſed euill)
Bid Sathan vvelcome, and imbrace the deuill.

When Chriſt ſhall come in clouds, and ſinnes be ſcand,
All *Adams* ſonnes expecting rightfull dome,
I vvretch amongſt the goats ſhall trembling ſtand,
The right-hand ſheepe, affoord no traitor roome,
To crie Lord, Lord, this anſwere ſhall be got,
Depart you curſed, hence I know you not.

The caſting out of deuils then obiected,
Will ceaſe no vvrath, extenuate no dangers:
Not vvords vvith God, vvell doing is reſpected,
His Citizens deeds difference from the ſtrangers,
Me thinkes I heare the iudge, ſterne, full of ire:
Pronounce my ſentence to eternall fire.

Was I not cald to heav'ns roiall feaſt?
I vvas: but came as one that little cared,
How came I? brutiſh like vnreuerent beaſt,
Wanting a vvedding garment, vnprepared:
Bold daring vvretch in ſuch a ſacred place,
To preſſe in ſinnes caſt ſuite, rent, torne, and baſe.

But feareſull guerdon for ſo foule attempt,
All-ſeeing eies beheld my rags bevvray'd,
And moſt ſeuerely thence he did exempt,
Bind him both hand and foot (his iuſtice ſaid)
And caſt him out, no ſuch may here partake,
The Lambe vvith Sion, Sathan and the Lake.

Would I had neuer knowne Apoſtles place,
Would I had ne're ben meſſenger of truth,
Would I had neuer preacht the vvay to grace,
Would I had ne're ben borne, or died in youth:
Who knowes his maiſters vvill and doth neglect it,
Sore ſtripes and many ſhall ſeuere correct it.

I muſt ſalute *Aſhur* and *Elams* traines,
To drinke vvith *Tuball* of the vvrathfull cup,
Edom inuites me to th'infernall paines
No time of grace, vvith Chriſt againe to ſup,
Now feaſt vvhere teeeth are gnaſht & hands are wrong,
Where *Diues* begs for drops to coole his tong.

Downe by the vvay that *Corah* vvent to hell,
Like *Dathan* and *Abiram* to deſcend
Where furies, fiends and damned ghoſts do dwell,
And euer torments, neuer know an end,
Let earth deuide and opening ſwallow then,
The moſt accurs'd of all the ſonnes of men.

The man that from Ieruſalem deſcended,
And hapned in the hands of bloody theeues,
A pittifull Samaritane befriended
With mercy, and his hard diſtreſſe releeues:
Such holy loue, true charity ſuppli'd him,
Pitty vvas preſent and no grace deni'd-him.

But I from new Ieruſalem retyr'd
The reſtfull Canaan, happineſſe vnbounded,
For thirty pence hels iourny being hyr'd,
In Sathans ſnares I fell, that theefe hath vvounded:
And prieſt is paſt, Samaritane gone by,
Seeing me cureleſſe, careleſſe let me lie.

Ah *Magdalen* ſower ſorrowes turn'd thy ſweet,
Well didſt thou vveepe to vvaſh, and vvaſhing gaine,
With hairie towell vviping Ieſus feet,
Thy true repentant teares did grace obtaine:
While I thy vertues ſought to haue diſgraſt,
Tearming that holy vvorke, A needleſſe vvaſt.

But happy vvoman, guiltleſſe vvaſt' controld,
How falſely did I vviſh thy ointment ſpared?
How couetous ſaid I, *Better this been ſold*
And giu'n the poore, vvaſt for the poore I cared?
Ah no, my guilty conſcience doth deny it.
I bare the purſe, and vvould haue gained by it.

Sampſon, till Sathan fierce Philiſtine caught me,
And in his rage put out my ſprituall eies,
Then blind in ſinne, to *Cayphas* houſe he brought me,
Againſt the piller vvhere all mercy lies,
I bent my force to mooue the corner ſtone,
Deſtruction fell, my ſelfe deſtroy'd alone.

Like *Iezabels*, ſo my corrupted thought,
When ſhe complotted for good *Naboths* ground,
Cleare purchaſe t'vvas, her vvile his vineyard bought;
Such ſeem'd my bribe, I held it money found:
But ſee how ſoone ſweet ſinnes conuert to ſower,
I loath for euer, that I lou'd an hower.

Theſe three deuide my ſoule, Fear, Thought, & Anguiſh,
Their intreſt is the forfaits of my fall,
But vvhile in claime they ſtriuing let me languiſh,
The roaring Lion comes and ſeazeth all:
Inſatiable ſerpent pleas'd vvith nought but this,
Both ſoule and body muſt be graunted his.

If graceleſſe outcaſts in this vvorld begin
To taſt of ſecond death's tormenting power,
If ſoules ſurpriz'd by ſelfe-wrought murdring ſinne,
Turne vengeance glaſſe to run a ſtayleſſe hower,
Then here in earneſt of perpetuall care,
I vveare damnations liuery, blacke deſpaire.

Deuorc'd from mercy, alienate from grace,
Reft of repentance, vvedded vnto euill,
From higheſt calling, downe to loweſt place,
From choſen Twelue, a ſingled outcaſt deuill;
From th'holy city lou'd of God ſo vvell,
Within vvhoſe ſtreets may no vncleaneſſe dwell.

When Chriſt foretold intended treaſon nie,
By one of vs his gueſts to be betray'd
Each ſtraight inquir'd, *Lord is it I, or I?*
But my demand had anſwer, *Thou haſt ſaid.*
I that was fed that night with loues regard,
Return'd the giuer treaſon for reward.

Darke night, black deed, blind ſoule, and Sathans ſlaues
Did fit, defile, deſtroy it ſelfe, did further,
With ſhade, vvith ſinne, vvith death, vvith clubs & ſtaues,
T'intrap, betray, condemne, aſsiſt to murder,
The Lambe of God, the rocke, the dore, the vine,
The Angels brightneſſe, heav'ns eternall ſhine.

Much

Much vvorſe, though *Ioab*-like I gaue a kiſſe,
I pris'd my birth-right baſe, at *Eſawes* gaine,
I putchas'd hell vvith loſſe of heauens bliſſe,
And in effect, exchanged ioy for paine.
Oh fooliſh ſot, vile earthly droſſe eſteemer,
To ſell true life, dead *Adams* ſonnes redeemer.

Thou partiall hand ſwai'd ſword of *Peters* drawne,
I ſhould ben mangled, and not *Malcus* eare,
Like curriſh dog, it vvas my flattering fawne,
Did bite my maiſter vvorſe then any there,
Miſtaken champion in thy valour ſwaruing,
To giue his eare my trecherous hearts deſeruing.

I vvas cheefe actor in the Iewiſh ſpight,
I vvas a captaine to that raſcall rout,
I vvrought the tumult of that guilty night,
I vvas blind guide, to that they vvent about,
They all expected notice come from me,
Till craft had kiſt, they knew not vvhich vvas he.

Falſe tongue, pronounc'd *All haile* to hurtfull end,
When hollow heart ſequeſtred loues true zeale,
Heav'ns mildneſſe asked, *Why art thou come friend?*
Straight violent hands, not vvords, our thoughts reueale.
Call him not friend, that ſauors moſt of foe,
Tearme me thy hangman, for I merite ſo.

In death's purſute, inſatiate thirſting blood,
We poſted thence to Prieſts, vvith rudeſt throng,
Where pureſt lambe before his ſhearer ſtood,
Pleading not guilty, by truths ſilent tong,
Ther's craft accuſing, hate helps to deuiſe,
And falſhood forgeth, in a mint of lies.

My impious eies beheld vvithout remorſe,
The graceleſſe vſage of heau'ns gracious king,
Scornd, ſpit at, mocked, yet repentance force,
Sought not for ſhelter vnder mercies vving,
In all theſe euils I pitttied not his paine,
Til being condemn'd, then greeu'd my greeues in vain.

No true contrition had my faults defence,
Though I confeſs'd I ſinn'd in his betraying,
Twas deſp'rate ſatisfaction came from thence,
For faith vvas liueleſſe, ſhould ben vengeance ſtaying,
Wrath is gone forth, vvas *Moſes* admonition,
But lights on me, that am for vvraths perdition.

VVhat vvondrous obiects haue mine eies beheld,
Deaffe, dumbe and lame, the blind and cureleſſe, cured;
The ſtubborne vvinds vvith checkiug calmely ſtild,
The dead reuiu'd, death's ſleepe foure daies indured,
Fiue loaues, two fiſh, fiue thouſands ſatisfied,
Yet more then much, ſpare crums vvere multiplied.

My

My taſt did vvitneſſe vvater turn'd to wine,
One cur'd that toucht my maiſters veſture hemme,
Commanded deuils forth men, to enter ſwine,
And in the ſea deſtruction plunging them,
Mine eares haue heard, and eies haue ſeene the ſight
That Kings haue vviſht, and Prophets neuer might.

Yet he that's cal'd manſlaier from beginning,
Deceiuer, dragon, ſerpent, father of lies,
God of this vvorld, author of humane ſinning,
Hardner of hearts, blinder of ſpirituall eies,
Prince of the aire, malicious euill ſprite,
Made me hels gueſt, vvhom heav'ns did kind inuite.

Like as the brauing greene, but barren tree
(That flouriſht faire vvhen not a figge vvas found)
Chriſt curs'd vvith, *Neuer fruit grow more on thee*,
Becauſe it did no good, but comber ground:
So fares the falſe deluding ſhow of mine,
Greene leav'd beginning, vvithered fruitleſſe fine.

Could ſinnes-beſotted, hell-path vvraindrers, ſee
The horrours on an outcaſt vvretch impoſed,
Or ſence the inward vvorme that gnaweth me,
(Bondſlaue to bondage neuer to be loſed)
They vvould retire the fleſh moſt fearefull race,
To auoid hels gaole, obtain'd vvith loſſe of grace.

Me thinkes my conſcience turnes a blacke leav'd booke,
Titl'd Diſtruſt, dedicate to Deſpaire,
Where couetous eie and traitrous heart do looke
On vengeance lines, pointed this period, Care;
The argument is ſhame, the ſubiect ſinne,
The index thus explaines the euils therein:

A poſtle onee, increaſing Chriſts eleuen,
B agbearer, to the charge of purſe aſsign'd,
C alled to preach ſaluations path to heauen,
D eſtructions heire, the vvorſt of vvicked mind:
E nuying at good vvorke by others done,
F aithleſſe to God, falſe hearted to his ſonne.

G reedy to gaine on earth. vvith heauens loſſe,
H opeleſſe of mercy, in ſin's moſt diſtreſſe,
I udas vvhoſe kiſſe preſag'd Chriſts dying croſſe,
K nowledge contemner, errors foule ſucceſſe.
L oitrer in holy harueſt, place abuſer,
M urdrer of life, mine owne damnation chuſer.

N aked of grace, the fouleſt ere defiled,
O ffences actor in the higheſt degree,
P rouoking vvrath, from mercies throne exiled,
Q uenching the ſprite, that erſt gaue light in me,
R enouncing glories race to gain the crowne,
S eruant to ſinne, vvhoſe hire pale death laies downe.

T raitor

T raitor to God, that breathing earth deluded,
V nholy-thoughted, full of bitter gall,
W oes querriſter, from Angels quires excluded,
X pian the outward, inward, not at all,
Y oaked by ſinne perpetuall, Sathans ſlaue,
Z eale in his ſeruice loſt, that none can ſaue.

This regiſter records the race I run,
By caracters ſpelling my future vvoe,
A tragedy by me muſt be begun,
On hels blacke ſtage, for there to act I goe,
Since eies of God, and all in heauen abhorre me,
I vvill deſcend, the pit hath conſorts for me.

Curs'd be the parents that ingendred me,
Curs'd be the wombe that bare, and paps that fed,
Curs'd be the day vvhen I vvorlds light did ſee,
Curs'd be the houre my ſoule from grace vvas led,
Curs'd be the time vvhen I did entertaine
Curſed affection, to accurſed gaine.

Retire for euer from the ſweet ſociety
Of *Peter*, *Iames*, and *Iohn*, true heires of grace;
Conuerſe remaine of *Time*, vvith all impiety,
No eie henceforth ſhall view Chriſts traitors face,
End loathed daies, my fact abhorres your light,
Wrap me from eies cole-fac'd eternall night.

Sauls frightfull gueſt, that ſence depriuing ſprite,
Outragious rauing fury vvhiſpers, *Hang thee*,
What Syon tunes, or *Dauids* harpe delight,
Can ceaſe or eaſe the horrours that do pang me?
Then be my inſtrument one iarring ſtring,
And treble vvoe, the houling note I ſing.

Buſh-creeping *Caine*, beholding for thy end
More to an arrow, then the marke-mans aime;
I doe diſdaine blind *Lamech* ſhould befriend,
None in my tragedy ſhall action claime:
But I and Sathan vve haue both agreed,
To leaue the vvorld a deſp'rate damned deed.

Not to diſmount a check-cloud earthy heape,
Or make ſoule paſſage by a poinard point,
Nor to bequeath the ſea a drowning leape;
But fatall cord ſhall cracke my breathing ioint,
Abſolons tree, prowd *Hamans* halter-knell,
And I the hangman, like *Achitophell*.

Lead on deſpaire, confounder of my ſprite,
Direct vnto ſome nooke of helliſh ſhade,
For ſhames ſake, be it gloomier then that night
In vvhich by me heav'ns brightneſſe was betraide:
Blacker then death, more ſable hew'd then hell,
Where ſulpher flames, vvith vtter darkneſſe dwell.

Harder then *Pharoahs* tenne times hardned heart,
Bloudier then *Abels* butcher, far inclin'd:
End traitors life, begin a hangmans part,
Let hangmans part performe thy deſp'rate mind,
Thy deſp'rate mind be vvitneſſe th'art accurſt,
Rent heart, drop blood, guſh bowels, belly burſt.

Peters teares at the Cockes crowing.

COme ſharpeſt greefs imploy repentant eies,
Taske them as bitter drops as ere vvere ſhed,
Send teares to earth, and ſighs vp to the skies,
This inſtant houre a Soule and Sorrows wed,
Sweet teares and ſighs, at dolours deere requeſts,
Come you & yours my harts right welcom geſts;

Let eies become the fountaines of my teares,
And let my teares be flouds to moiſt my heart,
And let my heart full of repentant feares,
By teares and ſorrowes, turne a true conuert:
At baſe obiections of as baſe a maid,
With oths and curſes I haue Chriſt denai'd.

The vvatchfull bird that centinels the morne,
Shrill herald to *Auroraes* early rising,
That oft proclaimes the day ere day be borne,
Distinguisher from pitch-fac'd nights disguising,
Surceas'd to heed, vvhy nature taught him crow,
And did exclaime on me for sinning so.

O haughty vaunts resembling skie-bred thunder,
How far remote your actions stand aloofe,
A coward heart kept vvords and deeds asunder,
Stout champion brags are quailed in the proofe.
Weake vvomans breath hath ouerthrowne a rocke,
And humane pride is daunted by a Cocke.

Harken this birds rebuke; and harkning, feare:
False periur'd tongue, now are thy boastings tri'de,
Christ hardest fortunes part thou vowd'st to beare,
But loe a cocke doth crow it, thou hast li'de:
Thy deedlesse vvords, vvords vnconfirmd by truth,
Haue turnd mine eies to teares, my heart to ruth.

The daies approch that vvhilome nature taskes,
He chaunted not, nor ment blacke nights descending,
But foule fac'd sinne, from scarffing vvords vnmaskes;
Plie bitter teares your suite, for vvraths suspending,
Eies that vvhen Christ sweat blood, secure did slũber,
Now shed more tears then truthles tong can number.

Lament

Lament my ſoule thy ſtate, a ſtate diſtreſt,
Thou art reuolt from true felicity,
Sigh ſorrowes forth, let greefes vveepe out the reſt,
Weepe vvretched man repleat vvith miſery,
Let neuer eies giue cheekes a ſpace to drie,
Till teares regaine loſt grace in mercies eie.

Weepe ſalteſt briniſh teares, the more the ſweeter,
Weepe ſatisfaction, ſinnes repentant ſoule,
Weepe fraile diſciple, vvoman-daunted *Peter*,
Weepe vveakling, ſubiect to a Cockes controule,
Weepe Chriſts deniall, vvorſt of all thy crimes,
And ouervveepe each teare tenne thouſand times.

O God from vvhom all graces doe abound,
For thy aſsiſting aid I humbly call,
Lend mercies hand to raiſe from ſinfull ground,
And being on foot, protect againſt like fall,
Thy fauours Lord I truly do implore,
Riſing to ſtand, ſtanding to fall no more.

The Iewes mocking of Christ.

CContempt, reproch, diſdaine and ſpight,
A meeting had in *Pilats* hall,
To ſcoffe at Chriſt, ſinne to delight
Hell furies, and themſelues vvithall:
In purple robe they did him place,
Meane vvhile their ſoules diſrob'd of grace.

A thornie crowne vpon his head,
A reed (for ſcepter) in his hand,
Foes guard him round, all friends vvere fled,
Aloofe his poore Diſciples ſtand.
All haile vvas heard on ev'ry ſide,
And he ſwaied moſt, could moſt deride.

They blind his ſight, vvhoſe ſoules more blind
Had quite extinct the light of grace,
They buffet him, and bid him find
Who 'twas that ſtrooke him on the face:
All ſpeech of ſpight and damned ieſt,
With euery vice, vvas in requeſt.

When

When fierce Philiſtians had diſmaid
The penſiue *Saul*, and forc'd him flie,
To him that bare his ſpeare, he ſaid
Oh draw thy ſword, friend me to die,
Let not my deaths-man be my foe,
Leaſt ſcorning ſhame diſhonour ſo.

Such greefes a noble heart doth find,
To heare reprochfull vvords offence,
Like ſorrowes cannot gall his mind,
If mortall vvounds ſhould rid him hence:
The thoughts that haughty courage beares,
Greeue more at vvords then deaths pale feares.

Then vvhat report can aptly ſhow
The paſsions Chriſts afflicted ſoule
(Through taunts and ſcoffes) did vndergoe,
By Iewiſh abiect baſe controule?
By ſo much more his greefes increaſt,
By how much more his guilt vvas leaſt.

Aboue all fleſh that ere vvas borne,
Of iniuries he moſt indur'd,
Becauſe inflicted vvrongfull ſcorne,
No ſpot of crime in him procurd,
If one offend and ſhame diſpleaſe,
The fault compar'd 'twill ſomewhat eaſe.

Th'Egiptians greeuing of the Iewes,
And the Philiſtians vexing *Saul*,
The mockes the children once did vſe
T'offend Gods Prophet therewithall,
And *Michols* ſcoffing Iſraels king,
Were common wrongs, a daily thing.

Such vvrongs, of vvrongs vſurpe the name,
To thoſe extreames to Ieſus done,
The vvorld hath neuer knowne like ſhame,
Of that ſinne laid vpon Gods ſonne,
It had been iuſt, on man accurſt,
If ſorrowes had perform'd their vvorſt:

But vvhen a pure and holy life,
With ſpot or blemiſh neuer ſtayn'd,
Twixt God and man ſhall vmpire ſtrife,
To be himſelfe for guilty payn'd:
What vvrongs ſo great, vvhat paines vvere ſuch?
Who but a God vvould doe ſo much?

The ſeuen words of Chriſt vpon the Croſſe.

Pater ignoſce illis, quia neſciunt quid faciunt.

FAther (our Sauiors loue to ſinners, cries)
Forgiue them this their ſin to me hath donne,
For they by vvhom my tortur'd body dies,
Know not they murder thy life-giuing ſonne:
What I indure, in fleſh and ſprite deuiding,
They do it through blind ignorance miſguiding.

Oh Charity of vvondrous Admiration,
And patience farre extending humane ſence,
Sunſhine of grace, to deed of darke damnation,
True pardoner, to pardonleſſe offence,
Not crauing eaſe for ſelfe ſuſtaining vvoes,
But fauour for his perſecuting foes.

Pleading for thoſe vvhoſe tongues did moſt defame him,
Soliciting for them that did accuſe him,
Excuſing ſuch as vvickedly did blame him,
Tendring of loue vvhere hatred did refuſe him,
Their ordur'd ſoules ſeeking ſo to refine,
Grace might reduce them to celeſtiall ſhine.

His ſute imports, his holy thoughts did ſay,
Inflict not iuſtice on theſe ſinne-defiled,
Vpon my fleſh thine angers burden lay,
Graunt nothing be to thee vnreconſiled,
Leaſt my redemption ſhould vnperfect ſeeme,
Or any ſinne I did not full redeeme.

He vvould not haue our ſinnes aſcend vp ſo,
That they ſhould come vnto his fathers ſight,
Nor yet his fathers vengeance fall ſo low,
That on vs ſinne committers it ſhould light,
But plac'd himſelfe betwixt both vvrath and ſinne,
True reconcilement, by true loue to vvinne.

For Murderers that gainſt his life tranſgreſſed,
With meekeſt loue he humbly craued grace
For ſuch, as their vile ſinne left vnconfeſſed,
And ſtill ſpit venome in their makers face,
That peirc'd his heart, from which his blood abounds,
To them he giues acquittance for his vvounds.

They to the Citty vvould not backe repaire,
Ere cruelty haue left him life-depriued,
He vvould not die, before his feruent praier,
Intreats to haue their dying ſoules reuiued,
His ſprite from forth his body paſt no rather,
But forth his mouth went with it, *Pardon father.*

FINIS.

Amen dico tibi, hodie mecum eris in Paradiſo.

Truly I ſay, that am heau'ns glory giuer,
To thee true penitent repentant theefe,
This day, from a defil'd and ſinfull liuer
Shalt thou be Sainted in exiling greefe,
With me this day thou paſſeſt to the bleſt,
In Paradiſe, vvhere glorious Angels reſt.

Euen at the vvane of life, the dying hower,
This happy theefe did offer God his heart,
His daies vvere dedicate to Sathans power,
Only remain'd one moment to conuert
Wherein he gaue his heart to him that ought it,
Preuenting him that long in hope had ſought it.

The hell-ſh foe ſtood bold vpon his claime,
Becauſe to theeues he is miſguiding guider,
But heau'nly friend did countermaund the ſame
Being ſinners father, Mercies firme prouider
No ſooner did his true contrition ſay,
Lord thinke on me, but Sathan loſt his pray.

Caines offering vvas a ſacrifice of corne,
Abels the Lambes, (the meekeſt vnto ſlaughter)
Annaes the ſonne that of her vvombe vvas borne,
Iepthaes his ſole and deere affected daughter,
Noe weathers, *Abraham* doues, and *Dauid* gold,
Melchiſidech of vvine did offrings hold.

All theſe did offer things of great eſteeme,
Yet none ſo rich as this poore theefe preſented,
An offered heart to God doth greater ſeeme,
Then vvhat by heauen and earth can be inuented,
Nothing more gratefull vnto Mercies throne,
Then gift of heart, due debt to heauen alone.

That debt of all the thefts vvhich he had donne,
His ſatisfaction rightly did reſtore,
Repaying in one hower to the Sonne,
What all his life rob'd father of before,
Obtaining grace, for all deſerts of ſtrife,
To be recorded in the booke of life.

His vvandring courſes are retyr'd from danger,
Vnto the harbour of a Chriſtian reſt,
He liu'd to new Ieruſalem a ſtranger,
But vvas at death free Cittizen profeſt,
With Chriſt on croſſe, gaining in three houres more
Then *Iudas* did in yeares for howers before.

FINIS.

Mulier ecce Filius tuus.

Woman true map of greefes, obiect of vvoes,
Behold thy ſonne, ſinnes heauy burden beares,
Thy vveeping eies, Sorrows right methode ſhows,
Sonne bath'd in blood, and Mother vvaſhd in teares,
A dying Sonne, repleat vvith fathers hate,
A penſiue Mother moſt diſconſolate.

Of all affections that the ſoule admits,
On vvhich loues fauours doe moſt firmly build,
That loue in place of ſupreme ſoundneſſe ſits,
Which is deriu'd from parent to the child,
Then loſſe of that muſt needs proue heartieſt greefe,
That from the heart takes place and offſpring cheefe.

If *Dauid* lou'd his *Abſolon* ſo vvell,
That he vvith vveeping vviſhd t'haue died for him,
Who falſe and diſobedient did rebell,
Yet did his loue no vvhit the more abhorre him,
Or reuerent *Iacob*, teares aboundant ſhed,
To heare his ſonnes but faine their brother dead.

If holy *Iob* himſelfe ſo patient bore,
To giue meeke eare to many a greeuous croſſe,
Deſtruction of his cattell, flockes, and ſtore,
Vntill he heard his deereſt childrens loſſe,
And then his greefes extreameſt did abound,
Renting his garments, falling on the ground.

Needs muſt (in mournfull ſorrow's dire complaints)
The bleſſed Virgin farre excell all other,
What ſoule (vvith dolours euer ſo acquaints)
As this moſt carefull comfort wanting Mother,
To ſee her God, life, father, loue and ſonne,
By bitt'reſt torments vnto death be donne.

No earthly loue on ſuch perfection grounded,
But that the ſame may be defectiue proued,
Loue of the ſonne to mother vvas vnbounded,
Sonne of the mother, vvas the like beloued.
All power of Angels, powreleſſe only proues,
To vveigh or meaſure thoſe vnmeaſur'd loues.

Of loue, vvith vvoes by croſſe ſhe vveping ſtood,
There ſending ſighs to heav'n, and teares to ground,
Of loue, vvith paines on croſſe he ſtreamed blood,
There death he conquer'd, hell he did confound.
Such vvas his loue that lou'd vvhen vve vvere hatefull,
To die for loue, vvhen ſinne vvas moſt vngratefull.

FINIS.

Deus meus, deus meus, vt quid me dereliquisti?

MY *God* (said Christ) vvhen God to God cõplained,
My God, vvho am true God and perfect man,
Why hast thou my distres'd estate refrained,
Thou doest seuere sinnes imputation scan,
Forsaken in this strait, thy selfe bereauing,
Me to afflictions cruel'st torments leauing.

Vntaught (till now) vvas Iesus to complaine,
Though infinite the vvrongs he vnder-went,
He vvelcom'd euery torment, greefe, and paine,
Afflictions could not mooue his discontent,
All gaue offence, vvhich he imputes to none,
Only his father now accus'd alone.

When violence did vvith outrage apprehend him,
His patient yeelding did most meekely beare it,
When blasphemies vvith taunts of spight offend him,
He silent seem'd as though he did not heare it,
In all the furie they did execute,
He stood like lambe before the shearer mute.

He not complain'd of *Peter* that denide him,
Nor yet of *Iudas* that moſt falſe betrayde him,
Nor thoſe in *Pilats* hall, that did deride him,
Nor graceleſſe Iewes (his owne) that diſobay'd him:
But his complaint vvas of his father made,
Not meant to thoſe denide, condemn'd, betray'de.

Gods angry vvrath ſeuerely ſet gainſt ſinne,
(The vvares that Sathan ſold, man dearely bought)
With loſſe of grace the trafficke did beginne,
Heau'ns loſſe, ſoules death, hels dome eternall vvrought,
That vvrath on Chriſts humanity abounded,
Who only cur'd, vvhat ſinne had mortall vvounded.

As man threw ſinne at God, as in deſpight,
And God caſt plagues, on man reuenge to fall,
The ſinne vvherewith man gainſt his God did fight,
And puniſhments God chaſtned man vvithall,
On Chriſt (that ſtood twixt wrath and ſinne) was laid,
He could not ſinne, yet ſinners ſinne vvas made.

He laid our ſorrowes burden on his ſprite,
When he indur'd his bitter agonie,
He tooke our death on him, vvounding deaths might,
When he on croſſe, Deaths conquerour did die.
He vnderwent afflictions heavieſt loade,
Reducing ſoules from hell, to heau'ns aboade.

FINIS.

Sitio.

Thirſt, fift word on Croſſe our Sauiour ſpake,
Concluding laſt of greefes he ſuffered,
His laſt complaint, thirſt did for vvater make,
His laſt requeſt for that he vttered,
His laſt torment vvas drinke of bitter gall,
That cruelty offends his taſt vvithall.

By trauell once leauing Iudea land,
With vvearie iourney through Samaria,
He crau'd in Sichar at a vvomans hand,
Her gift of vvater, his great thirſt t'alay,
While ſhe on tearmes, delaies and hinderance finds,
Delaies begotten by vnwillingminds.

Yet after publicke in Ieruſalem,
He did proclaime to all vvith thirſt at ſtrife,
That plenteouſly he had to ſuccour them,
With flowing vvaters to eternall life,
Inuiting come, true comming, free attaine,
That vvhich vvho drinkes, ſhall neuer thirſt againe.

Such thirſt-ſtaunch riuers he to thirſty gaue,
That ſtreames of grace, heau'ns dew in ſoules did ſhower:
Yet for his owne thirſt, vvater he did craue
At *Iacobs* vvell, and at his dying hower,
To come and drinke, he free inuites all firſt,
And at his laſt, himſelfe complaines of thirſt.

As to our thirſty ſoules he tendereth
His grace, againſt all deadly thirſt defence,
So to his thirſt, ſoules duty rendereth,
The pureſt vvater of obedience,
There is in him, for vvhich our vvants do call,
There is in vs, he vvill be ſeru'd vvithall.

To corporall thirſt ſtrong *Sampſon* once did yeeld,
Vntill the chaw-bone of an Aſſe ſupplide him:
And *Siſara* (that vanquiſh'd loſt the field)
Complain'd of thirſt, to her vvhoſe tent did hide him:
And holy *Dauid* thirſtie, vvater needing,
Did long for Bethlem ceſternes moſt exceeding.

But different farre ſoules thirſt, from bodies is,
Vnſatisfied vvith ſprings of vvorldly taſt,
Grace gain'd by Chriſt, doth only anſwere this,
A ſpirituall ſubſtance, craues the like repaſt,
Thoſe foodleſſe ſoules, famiſht eternall pine,
Which are vnfed by th'eſſence pure diuine.

FINIS.

Conſummatum eſt.

EVen vvhen the gaule of odious bitterneſſe
Was offered to our Sauiour on a reed,
The bitter drinke of bitter vvickedneſſe,
The Iewiſh preſent to Chriſts thirſty need,
To comfort ſoules his gracious vvords extended,
And founding mercy, vttered *All is ended.*

What tongue till then durſt ſuch a ſpeech deliuer?
That all tooke end, vvhich holy vvrit foretold,
Only the tongue of ſinnes true ranſome giuer,
Was powrefull his owne mercies power t'vnfold,
Holy of holies moſt vprightly ſpake,
All's ended, ending life, ſinnes end to make.

Not *Dauid, Eſay, Ieremy, Elias,*
Could in their times affirme ſinne tooke concluſion,
They prophecied alluding to Meſsias,
That he ſhould vvorke the viper ſinnes confuſion,
And end his life, to end foule ſinne, lifes killer,
Of all predictions to be full fulfiller.

By vvhoſe owne mouth(truths ſoundeſt euidence)
We heare ſinnes end, the old law ſatisfied,
How Mercy doth vvith Iuſtice dome diſpence,
And how the Iudges ſonne hath qualified
His fathers rigor, no vvay to be donne,
But by th'obedience of Gods dying ſonne.

The vvord *All's ended*, notice giues to all,
By death of Chriſt, the Law was in exemption,
The Church began, the Synagogue did fall,
And man obtained perfect full redemption,
His reconcilement vvas vvith God effected
To glories throne, by graces hand protected.

High Myſterie, and deepe profound diuine,
That God by man, for man ſhould death ſuſtaine,
As ſtrange a ſpeech, if humane vvit define,
He being man, ſhould die and riſe againe.
Yet God and man, vvith God to end mans ſtrife,
From life to death, from death did riſe to life.

Our vlcers curing, captiue ſtate inlarging,
From Sinnes infectious venome, Sathans gaile,
Bonds of damnation canſeld, ſoules diſcharging,
Deſcending heau'n, to be on yearth our baile
At price of life, vvith blood bought and befriended,
Sealing ſaluations truſt, vvith *All is ended.*

FINIS.

Pater in manus tuas commendo
Spiritum meum.

With blood-ſpent vvounds, euen at the point to die,
The laſt bequeſt of heauens high teſtator,
Was all eternities rich Legacie,
His ſoule, the ſoule of mans true mediator,
Vnto his Fathers hands he did commit,
Yeelding to Death, by Death to vanquiſh it.

The Princely Phrophet on his dying bed,
Gaue charge vnto his heire apparant ſonne,
To vvorke reuenge on martiall *Ioabs* head,
For murdring deed by his offence foredone,
T'abridge vvhat nature for his date intended,
And cut him off before his period ended.

Including vvith reuenge of *Abners* death,
The vvrongs that *Simei* to his perſon did,
When *Abſolon* purſued his fathers breath,
Whoſe aſſe became his hangman as he rid,
And vvretched *Simei* curſing full of ſpight,
Caſt ſtones at *Dauid*, vvith moſt vvrath he might.

That

That teſtament Reuenge ſet hand vnto,
Impoſing vviſdomes tutored prince the taske,
To execute vvhat he vvas vvilled do
For ſhedding blood, blood-ſhedders blood doth aske,
To *Salomon* this charge his father gaue,
Let them not paſſe in peace vnto their graue.

How different *Dauids* from our Sauiours ſeemes?
Whoſe vvill contain'd reuenge for others act:
Chriſt at his death forgiues, ſinners redeemes,
Solicites pardon for a murdring fact:
As *Dauid* dies vvith, *Sonne let them not liue,*
So Chriſts yeelds breath vvith, *Father them forgiue.*

Firſt guiltleſſe blood to God moſt high diſpleaſing,
Was that iuſt mans, vvhich dide by th'hand of *Caine*,
Firſt guiltleſſe blood, Gods iuſtice cheefe appeaſing,
Was that moſt righteous, vvhom the Iewes haue ſlaine,
And as the ones blood vvas a ſoules damnation,
So vvas the others many ſoules ſaluation.

The blood of *Abel* from earths boſome cri'de,
And ſounded Iuſtice, Iuſtice, through the skies,
The blood of Ieſus, at the hower he di'de,
Vnto his father, Mercy, Mercy, cries,
Whereby Gods title of reuenge till then,
Turn'd gracious father to repentant men.

FINIS.

The death of Death, ſinnes Pardon, and ſoules Ranſome.

O Sinfull ſoule, the cauſe of Ieſus paſsion,
Put ſorrowes on, and ſighing view thy guilt,
Bring all thy thoughts, fix thē on meditation,
weep drops of tears, for ſtreams of blood chriſt ſpilt:
Summon thy foſtred ſins, ſelfe-hatched euils,
And caſt them low as hell, they are the deuils.

Seat vertue riuall, vvhere vſurping vice
Had ſeaz'd for Sathan to poſſeſſe thy heart,
And though the traitor ffeſh from grace intice,
Yet yeeld thy ſauiour his deere purchaſt part,
The greateſt loue that heav'n or earth dooth know,
Did heav'ns free-loue on hels bond-ſlaues beſtow.

He left his fathers glorious right-hand ſeat,
To liue euen vvhere his earthly footſtoole ſtands,
Vnmou'd thereto by our ſubmiſſe intreat,
No ſuite of clay obtain'd it at his hands,
No power in vs, no humane vvill that ſought it,
It vvas his loue, grace freely giuen vvrought it.

O loue of ſoules, deaths victor, true life-giuer,
What charitie did ouercome thee ſo,
To die, that man might be eternall liuer,
Being thine aduerſe diſobedient foe?
For friends if one ſhould die, vvere rarely much,
But die for foes, the vvorld affoords none ſuch?

An ignominious death, in ſhames account,
Of odious cenſure, and contempts diſgrace,
On Caluarie, a ſtincking dunghill Mount,
For murderers the common fatall place.
There di'de the Angels brightneſſe, God and man,
There death vvas vanquiſht, and true life began.

Yet there began not Ieſus ſuffering,
Nor in the garden vvith his ſoules vexation:
There he performd victorious conquering,
His life vvas nothing els but ſtintleſſe paſsion.
From cratch to croſſe, hee trod a painefull path,
Betwixt our guilt, and Gods reuengefull vvrath.

What paines, their paines to Ieſus not impart?
What moment tortures vvant did he indure?
What anguiſh addes not to his greeued heart?
What minute vvas he ſorrowleſſe, ſecure?
What age, vvherein his troubles were neglected?
What people, but his death cheefly affected?

In eies he ſuffred monefull ſhowres of teares,
His face had ſpittings and diſpightfull blowes,
Blaſphemous ſpeech vpbraid his ſacred eares,
Moſt loathſome carrion ſtinckes entred his noſe,
Gaule in his mouth, the holieſt hands were bound,
Hands, feet, heart, head, were nailed, pierc'd & crownd.

From his birth-hower, vntill his life-loſt blood,
What moment paſt vvhere in hee did not merite?
What minute ſcap'd imploiment vnto good,
Who did implore his grace, and he deferre it?
How painfully his preaching ſpent the day,
How watchfully his nights vvere houres to pray.

Whom taught this Truth, that him for truth beleeued?
Though truth vvithout his preſence ne're vvas knowne?
With whom did he conuerſe and vvas vngreeued?
How ill intreated euen amongſt his owne?
Though foxe and bird could find both hole and neſt,
Where found his head, repoſed place for reſt?

Pouertie hee indured in the manger,
Warre vvith the tempter in the vvilderneſſe,
Exile in Ægypt, forc'd by tirants danger,
And on the vvay o're-painfull vvearineſſe,
In all his ſpeech and actions, contradictions
Laden vvith vvrongs, burdned vvith dire afflictions.

VVith hungers ſword food-giuer vvas acquainted,
And that the ſtone-preſenting deuill ſaw,
At *Iacobs* vvell vvith thirſt he vvel-nie fainted,
VVhile pinching vvoman ſtood on tearmes to draw:
All vvants and vvoes impos'd vpon him ſtill,
And his obedience ſuffered euery ill.

Traitor-led troopes by night did apprehend him,
Haling him cruell to the iudgement hall,
VVhere all inflicted torments did offend him,
And mockeries to greeue his ſoule vvithall,
There Iudge vvas iudg'd, king ſcorned, prieſt abus'd,
And of all Iuſt, the Iuſt vniuſtly vs'd.

Thence to his death, vvith clamours, ſhouts, and cries,
Theeues at his ſide, the torturing hangman by him,
His croſſe (his burden) borne before his eies,
Hart-launcing *Longius*, the Centurion nie him,
His friends aloofe inuiron'd round vvith foes,
Thus vnto death, ſoules loue, ſweet Ieſus goes.

Victoriouſly vpon the dunghill field,
He manag'd combate vvith the roaring Lion,
Old ſerpent, death and hell at once did yeeld,
All vanquiſht by triumphant lambe of Sion,
Performing in that glorious bloodie fight,
The euer conqueſt of infernall might.

FINIS.

The wonders at Christs death.

THat instant hower the worlds Redeemer di'de,
And breathed out his soule vpon the crosse,
Heav'ns glorious lampe, abating all his pride,
Bewail'd in blacke his murdred makers losse,
Turning his splendant beames of gold, to drosse;
The Moone like suted in a sable vveed,
Mourned for sinnes outragious bloody deed.

VVhen *Iosua* (Israels valiant captaine) praid,
And in his praier coniuring did command
The firmaments bright eie stand still, it staid:
Till he vvas victor of the vvickeds band,
Waighting vpon Gods battaile then in hand,
Yeelding the richest treasure of his light,
Lengthning the vvant of day vvith day-made night.

But here, reflecting light to darkesome change,
Shaming to see vvhat shameless sinne had done,
VVas more admir'd to alter kind so strange,
Then vvhen he ceas'd his posting course to run,

Loue to Gods forces, his bright ſtaying vvonne,
But now beholding Sathans power preuailing,
He turn'd the day to night, in darkneſſe vvailing.

At death of Chriſt, appear'd foure ſignes of vvonder,
To euidence diuine and God-like might,
The firſt: The temples vaile did rent in ſunder,
Next, Sunne and Moone extinguiſht both their light,
Affoording darkneſſe to blind Iewiſh ſight:
Then flintie ſtones deuiding, part in twaine:
And Saints from graues reuiv'd to life againe.

What faithleſſe Iew or graceleſſe Atheiſt can
With impious tongue, ſound out blaſphemous breath,
Affirming Chriſt to be but only Man,
VVhoſe dietie, vvrought vvonders after death,
VVonders in heauen, ſtrange miracles on earth?
Of each beholders heart, feare tooke poſſeſsion,
And taught the Pagan captain Truths confeſsion.

Thou canſt not ſay thoſe vvorkes vvere Magickes art,
From ſlaunders charge, Chriſts power diuine is free,
His ſoule vvas fled, and did before depart,
His liueleſſe bodie euery eie did ſee,
No charming vvords by dead tongues vttred be,
Thou muſt of force confeſſe true God-head by it,
Or ſay that Mallice vvilfull doth denie it.

FINIS.

The Funerals of Ieſus.

WHen *Ioſephs* ſuite had got the Iudges leaue,
To take ſweet Ieſus from the bloodie croſſe,
VVhoſe bleſſed life Iewes blindneſſe did bereaue,
To our eternall gaine, their endleſſe loſſe:
Chriſts night-diſciple aidfull did agree, *Joseph of Aramathia*
To take his bodie from that guiltie tree.

The Virgine mother cheefe in mournefull teares,
VVith holy *Maries* twaine that ſtintleſſe wept,
To Caluarie both ſheet and odours beares,
There muſt the ſacred funerall be kept,
VVhō hearts did loue, him vvith their feet they ſought,
Teares in their eies, hands myrrhe and aloes brought.

Their greefes and labours they deuide in parts,
Partaking each t'affoord ſome needfull thing,
True faith and loue, vvas ſeated in their hearts,
On ſhoulders ladders, armes the ſhroud doe bring,
Their hands haue ointments, eies with teares abounds,
Teares well imploi'd to waſh his bloodie wounds.

VVith

With tired ſteps they ouertooke the place,
Where ſtore of vveeping dew moiſtned the ground,
The Sunne vvas hid, nights darke approcht apace,
Greefes did ſurpriſe, dolours increaſe abound,
Whom infidels nail'd vp, did pierce and crowne,
Faithfull, from Croſſe, act holy taking downe.

Before the ſame (to ſigne a perfect zeale)
They caſt themſelues ſo low as earth gaue leaue,
In reuerence of thoſe vvounds that only heale
All feaue r'd ſoules, blood-ſalue from thence receaue:
Which vvorſhip vvell perform'd, they ſighing riſe,
And towards the croſſe all guide plaint-pouring eies.

Joſephe & Nicodemus

The honourable two old aged men,
Aduis'd the reſt reſpect vvhat ſcanting time
Remain'd to annoint, and ſhroud, and burie, then
Their ladders raiſing, vp the croſſe they clime;
Teares, ſighs, and ſobs, deſcend ech ſtep they goe,
While eies (wet Orators) repli'de below.

On *Iacobs* ladder ioifull Angels ſing,
No iarre their heav'nly muſicke did reſtraine,
On *Ioſephs* ladder teares to top they bring,
And mournefull ſobs ſend ſorrowes downe againe,
Thoſe heav'nly quires partake no tunes like this,
Chriſts bitter death, vvas faultie mans amiſſe.

When

When hands and feet they carefull did vn-naile,
Letting the body downe conieal'd in gore,
This vvas the obiect, *Viſage wan and pale:*
Eies turn'd in head, his fleſh all rent and tore,
Scull boared through, thornes ſpurting out his braines,
Bones out of ioint, and full of broken vaines.

Vpon the ground the holy corpes being laid,
Moſt reuer'nt vvhere the ſhrouding ſheet was ſpred,
His bleſſed Mother full of vvoes diſmaid,
Renew'd her plaints vvith ſhowers of teares ſhe ſhed:
Whom *Iudas* ſold for thirty pence aliue,
To buy him dead, her pearled drops did ſtriue.

The taske of Sorrowes equall to deuide,
At Ieſus head laments his penſiue mother,
Ioſeph with *Nichodemus* at one ſide,
And both the *Maries* place them at the other,
Thus bout the mangled corpes theſe mourners ſtands
With teares in eies, with ointments in their hands.

Wken kneeling round, the bodie they incloſe,
Prepar'd with baulme, and readie to annoint it,
Viewing blew wales, that came of Iewiſh blowes,
Rupture of nailes, wan fleſh, how they diſioint it:
Compaſsion, pittie, loue, with true remorſe,
Inuited all their eies to waſh the corſe.

Their knees vvith humble ſeruice lowly bowing,
Their hands embaulme him, vvounded, rent and tore,
Their eies no mangled part vnwaſht allowing,
Their hearts vvith vvorſhip, God and man adore,
Both knees and hands, vvith hearts and vvatry eies,
All ſorrow laden, tir'd vvith ſighs and cries.

For deepe-made vvounds, and torturing cruell blowes,
No ſmall expence of ointments could ſuffiſe:
But bountie on that holy worke beſtowes
Plentie of odours in ſuch liberall vviſe,
Their baulme to couer him inough had bin,
And teares might ſerue to haue baptis'd him in.

His glorious bodie ſhrouded in the ſheet
On vvhich to be embaulmed they did lay him,
With binding clothes, vvrapt vvhole from head to feet,
To be inter'd, his ſeruant Saints conuay him
Only in armes good Ieſus dead they haue,
Within their hearts he liues being borne to graue.

O mournefull trod, where comforts paths are failing,
Deaths bed muſt haue eternall life in keeping,
Joſeph goes ſighing, *Magdalen* bewailing,
Ther's *Iohn* laments, and *Nichodemus* weeping,
The bleſſed virgins eies like fountaines run,
Left vvofull vviddow to her murdred ſon.

What pens report can tell her ſorrowing heart
That ſaw her ſonne, the only of her vvombe,
Before her eies pay death, mans foule deſert,
And vvith her armes aſsiſt him to the tombe?
What ſorrowes mappe like ſorrow ere expreſt?
What eies like teares, what teares like greefes profeſt.

Her liquid eies ſtroue each t'exceed the other,
By ſighs her mone, by teares her vvoe appeares,
She vveepes, yet is the mirth of heav'ns mother,
Virgine in office, young in tender yeares,
Filled vvith grace, eternities Princeſſe,
Excelling in perfections holineſſe.

O Sunne vvhoſe ſhine is heav'ns eternall bright,
Of funerall pompe why art thou deſtitute,
Borne to thy graue, vvithout one candles light,
Or Clergie, night precedent inſtitute:
Thy birth was ſimple, void of worldly pride;
And in thy buriall, coſt vvas laid aſide.

Oh heav'ns riches, mercies fountaine head,
When thou vvaſt borne, no houſe thy parents haue,
Thy life vvas poore, thy death vvithout a bed,
Thy buriall vvas in *Ioſephs* borrowed graue,
Thou didſt indure our paines, ſinnes purchaſe, hell;
Thou louedſt ſoules, loſt ſoules, ſo vvondrous vvell.

Though *Salomon* vvas Iſraels crowne ſucceſſour,
And gain'd his kingly fathers ſtate and throne;
Of *Dauids* mercy ſeemes he no poſſeſſour,
Funerall coſt, or teares vve read of none:
But Scriptures recommend the honour done
In *Iacobs* buriall, by his gratefull ſonne.

The great Prieſt *Simon* cauſed to bee made,
A monument of curious carued ſtones,
Wherein his bodie after life vvas laid,
And eke his brethren *Machabes* their bones:
But tombe for Chriſt vvas in his life vnknowne,
And for him dead his mother knew of none.

No earthly care, ſoules loue to him vvas ſweeter,
When vnto *Iohn* the virgine was commended,
His enemies to Mercie, church to *Peter*,
His ſoule to Father, ſaying All is ended:
No ſpeech he vs'd, nor any order gaue
For coſtly funerals or a ſumptuous graue.

With greefes, attaining to the garden place,
From which oft ſtaies to weepe and vvipe did let,
Penſiue diſtreſt, in moſt perplexed caſe,
The ſhrouding ſheet all moiſtned, ſlacke and wet
(Not vvith the dew deſcending from the skies)
With teares that rained from their ſhouring eies.

Oh glorious hearbes this garden plot did beare,
Oh holy ground trod in this iournies paines,
Not for the oile of Oliues growing there,
But ſanctified by blood from Ieſus vaines,
O earth vvhereon true loue and greefes combine,
Blood from the ſonne, teares from the mothers eyen.

The tombe prepar'd vvherein hee ſhould bee laid,
From which although great paine the ſtone remooued,
Yet farre exceed the ſuites intreatie made
Before his mother yeelds her deere beloued,
Still they ſolicite, ſtill her loues denie him,
Vntill on knees with price of teares, they buy him.

The brothers ſonne intreats his holie aunt,
Perſuaſiue reaſoning humbly dooth beſeech,
Times breuitie, good Ladie, mooues your graunt,
Let eies doe more with teares then tongues vvith ſpeech;
Vpon detaining, now no longer ſtand,
Darke ſable night leads dangers by the hand.

If foes ſhould vvrong vs, bootleſſe vve to ſtriue,
How can poore three our Lords dead corſe defend,
Twelue could not guard him when he vvas aliue,
Giue licenſe this laſt ſeruice take an end,
Much troubles ceaſe, vvhen by free vvill is done,
That vvhich conſtraint vvell nere diſpence to ſhunne.

Thou friend of God incline to vs at length,
Let our vveake vvords o'recome thy loues the ſtronger,
Our hearts vvant comforts, all our members ſtrength,
Our teares are ſpent, eies dri'de can vveepe no longer,
Sorrow that holds vs for her lawfull prize,
Hath left not one poore teare to taske our eies.

Wearie vvith importunitie and vveeping,
A moſt vnwilling leaue the Virgine gaue,
Yeelding her ſonne to the ſepulchres keeping,
Her ſweeteſt loue to deaths moſt bitter graue,
Like as from Golgotha, they brought him thether,
All helpe, all ſigh, all put him in together.

Thus being laid into his bed of ſtone,
By liquid eies, and hearts of ſorrowing fleſh,
In ſtead of earth their teares vvere poured on,
A laſt farewell greefes ceſternes yeeld afreſh:
There left they Ieſus that ſinnes burden beares,
Wept, vvrapt, annointed, bath'd in ſtreames of teares.

FINIS.